

Song Recital

Tuesday Evening, October 24, 1922
at 8:15 o'clock

Mr. Edward Johnson
Tenor Metropolitan Opera Company



Program

I.

- a. Sommi Dei—(*Aria di Polisena, "Radamisto,"* 1720) { *G. F. Handel*
Arr. by Frank Bibb

Gods all pow'rful!
Gods all pow'rful!
Who from Heaven
Behold my anguish;
Ah! Restore my heart!

—*English Version, Dr. Th. Baker.*

- b. Or ch'io non segue piu—(*Canzonetta*) . { *Raffaello Rontani (15....-16...)*
Arr. by Florida

Now that I seek no more
My pitiless love
I do not feel my pain
And my heart, that suffered so much
Now is gay, very gay.
Living in the joy of freedom,
Now is gay, very gay.

Now that I do not see any more
That alluring image
I am no more prisoner!
and my heart that suffered, etc.

Now that I do not hear any more
Those insincere sighs
I cannot die!
And my heart that suffered, etc.

—*English Version, Charles F. Manney.*

- c. Phillis Has Such Charming Graces—(*Old English*)

Arr. by H. Lane Wilson

Phillis has such charming graces,
Beauty triumphs in her eye;
If not for me her caresses,
I must love her though I die.
Phillis has such charming graces,
For her smile I pine and sigh.
Lovely Phillis, thou fair destroyed,
Ease my troubled love-sick mind,
Smile upon a hopeless lover.
Cease to charm, or else be kind.
Phillis has such charming graces,
I must love her though I die.

- *d. Aria—"Ch'ella mi Creda" *Giacomo Puccini*
(*From the Opera, "The Girl of the Golden West"*)

TRANSLATION

Let her believe that I have gained my freedom,
Living the better life that she has taught me!
Let her await my coming.
The days will pass away.
And I shall not return.
Minnie, star of my wasted life, that lights my journey.
Minnie, true heart, that loved me so very dearly!

II.

a. LeSonge—(*Schurkowsky*) *Rubinstein*

'Twas in a meadow by the way where on the hay I slumber'd;
 A gentle dream upbore me where float angel hosts unnumber'd.
 I waken'd and with sigh profound
 Look'd sadly, vainly all around,
 A minstrel came that way along and sang a song so ringing—
 And thro' the trees pass'd like a gleam,
 While still the tones were ringing,
 Ah! Were they those which from my dream,
 Still to my soul were clinging.

—*Translated by Schurkowsky.*

b. L'ane Blanc—(*Tristan Klingsor*) *Georges Hue*

THE WHITE DONKEY

I send thee neither vase nor rose tonight,
 O charming Mirza mine, but thou shalt have,
 Led by a dusky slave,
 A donkey of Bassora, dainty-white.

The saddle is of wondrous leather made
 And damask, all with gold inlaid;
 And from the bridle, silken-wound,
 Hang green, embroidered ribbons to the ground.

Tomorrow thou wilt don thy robe of blue,
 Brimming with painted birds, all flying,
 And round your slender form a girdle tying,
 Within the silver stirrup place your shoe.

And thou, lulled by the donkey's tranquil tread,
 Shall come, like a fair queen of Eastern lands,
 To the far, humbler shed
 Of this adoring sorcerer of fate.

—*Translated by Rudolph Altrocchi.*

c. E'en Little Things—(*Tommaseo's Tuscan Songs*) *Hugo Wolf*

E'en little things can yield us perfect pleasure
 E'en little things may be supremely dear,
 Reflect, how precious are the pearls we treasure,
 Tho' great their worth, how small do they appear
 Bethink, how small the olive is in size,
 Which for its flavor rare we highly prize.
 How small a thing the rose with heart aglow,
 Yet how divine its fragrance, as ye know.

—*English translation by Chas. Fonteyn Manney.*

d. Caelie—(*Hart*) *Strauss*

If you but knew, sweet, what 'tis to dream
 Of fond, burning kisses, of wand'ring and resting
 With the beloved one; gazing fondly, caressing and chatting.
 Could I but tell you, your heart would assent.

If you but knew, sweet, the anguish of waking
 Through nights long and lonely
 And rocked by the storm when no one is near
 To sooth and comfort the strife-weary spirit.
 Could I but tell you, you'd come, sweet, to me.

If you but knew, sweet, what living is
In the creative breath of God, Lord and Maker;
To hover, upborne on dove-like pinions
To regions of light. If you but knew it,
Could I but tell you, you'd dwell, sweet, with me.

III.

a. I Pastori—(*D'annunzio*) *Ildebrando Pizzetti*

September, let us go,
It is time to move on—
Now in the land of the Abruzzi,
the shepherds leave the folds,
and go towards the sea.
They wander down to the wild Adriatic,
green as the mountain pastures.
They have drunk deeply from the mountain springs,
That the taste of native waters,
May remain, as a solace in their exiled hearts,
and, that for a long time,
it may assuage their thirst along the way.
They have made new staves.
They go along the ancient trail to the plain,
as along a silent river of grass,
on the foot-steps of their ancient fathers.
O voice of him who first knew
the shimmering light of the sea!
Now, along the shore, the flock treads its' way.
All is silent!
The sun so gilds the live wool;
that it can scarcely be distinguished from the sand.
The splashing!
The treading!
The soft voices!
Ah! why am I not with the shepherds!

—GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.
(*English translation by Edward Johnson.*)

b. Angeleca—(*Salvatore di Giacomo*) *I. Pizzetti*

Late on Easter night—one o'clock—
And I had too much to drink.
Through the side-streets and alleys
I was going home.
 Uhi la! la-ra-la-la!!
Foolish from too much drink!!!

No one else was passing;
And one alley was Oh! so dark;
It seemed like the mouth of a wolf!!
Hoo-ray!! I must sing!
 Uhi la! la-ra-la-la!!
It seemed like the mouth of a wolf!!!

Hel—lo!! A light! That's *her* floor!
A light right there in her window!
 Uhi la! la-ra-la-la!!
'Way up on the top balcony!

Say! Can it be that Angeleca
Is being married? That with cakes and wine
She's making merry right under my nose?
Uhi la! la-ra-la-la!!

Yow!!!! What do you think you're doing?
It doesn't seem possible!
And I was so gay and so happy all evening!
Uhi la! la-ra-la-la!!
It doesn't seem possible.

Bah!! To the devil with you, Angeleca!
What do I care?
And right under my nose—
Uhi la! la-ra-la-la!!
What do I care?

"Hey!!! Watchman!!! Excuse me—
Angeleca—is getting married?"
"What's the matter with you?
Can't you see that the door is ajar?"
Uhi la! la-ra-la-la!!

"Oh, yes! I see,—the door is ajar!

"Excuse me—but—what does that mean
—the door ajar?"
"It means that she's dead!—Good night!!!!
Uhi la! la-ra-la-la!!
Means—that—she's dead—oh! oh! oh!
And—good night!!

—Translation by E. J.

c. Se la Vedessi—(*Emilian Peasant Song*) Arr. by C. Grimandi

If you could only see her
When she goes to market
She looks like a Marquise
In that pretty little bonnet.
O mariner, mariner, mariner
Without that little blond head
Life is not worth living.
If you could only see her
Promenading in Piazza Colonna
There in the center of Rome
O mariner, mariner, mariner
If you could only see her
Out for a daily stroll
What a carriage, what a picture,
She captivates everyone!
O mariner, mariner, etc.

—English translation by E. J.

d. Aria—"La Fleur que tu M'avais Setee"—(*Carmen*) Bizet

FLOWER SONG

This flow'r you gave, to me, degraded
Mid prison walls, I've kept the faded,
Tho withered quite, the tender bloom,
Doth yet retain its sweet perfume.

Night and day in Darkness abiding,
I, the truth, Carmen am confiding,
Its loved odor did I inhale
And wildly called thee without avail.

My love itself I cursed and hated,
And moaning, alas! I repeated,
By what dark law that fatal day,
Saw I her form cursing my way.

Then alone myself I detested,
And naught else this heart interested,
Naught else it felt but one desire,
One sole desire did it retain,
Carmen, beloved, to see thee once again.

Show but thyself with love's impression
One single look, love, upon me cast,
And of my heart take full possession
O Carmen mine,
Here as thy slave, love binds me fast
Carmen, I love thee.

IV.

a. I Hold Her Hands—(*Rabindranath Tagore*) *Alex. Russell*

I hold her hands, and press her to my breast.
I try to fill my soul with her loveliness,
To plunder her sweet smile with kisses,
To drink her dark glances with my eyes.
Ah, but where is it?
Who can strain the blue from the sky?
I try to grasp the beauty—it eludes me, leaving only the body in my hands.
Baffled and weary, I come back.
How can the body touch the flower, which only the spirit may touch—
the spirit?

—*Tagore.*

b. Twilight—(*Teasdale*) *K. Glen*

Dreamily over the roofs
The cold spring rain is falling
Out in the lonely tree,
A bird is calling, calling.

Slowly over the earth
The wings of night are falling
My heart like the bird in the tree
Is calling, calling, calling.

c. Lezzie Lindsay—(*Ballad from Scotch Minstrelsy*) . . . *Arr. by Kreisler*

Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay.
My bride and my darling to be?

To gang to the Hielands wi' you sir?
I dinna ken, how that may be.
For I kenna the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

Leezie lassie 'tis little that ye ken,
If sae be ye dinna ken me.
For my name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,
A chieftain of high degree.

She has kilted her coats of green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's off wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

*d. Lassie O'Mine—(*Fred G. Bowles*) *Edward Walt*

I love a lassie as fair as can be,
And she dwells where the blue-bell grow,
Far in old Scotland across the deep sea
Where the heather is all aglow.
Sometimes dreaming here alone,
Mem'ry makes her heart my own.
And I hear her calling sweet and low,
For I know that she loves me so!

Far o'er the mountains one day I shall roam.
For it's there that my heart would be.
Blue-bell and heather are calling me home,
To the lassie who longs for me.
Day is dying, night is near.
Only one sweet voice I hear.
And I soon shall wander o'er the hill
To the lassie who loves me still.

e. Life—(*Cutting*) *Curran*

Life, come to me today!
This I entreat.
Flow in my hands, inform my lagging feet.
Shine in my eyes, and smile upon my lips.
O lift my spirit's flame from dull eclipse!
And sing within my heart
That I may be Life, Life!
Life in my turn for those who look to me!

Baldwin Piano
Mr. Edgar Nelson *at the Piano*
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